



# Feeling Things

By oh-  
ohmy-  
oohhkay

## Feeling Things by oh-ohmy-oohhkay

**Category:** Stranger Things, 2016

**Genre:** Friendship, Supernatural

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Mike W., Will B.

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2017-11-05 15:47:24

**Updated:** 2019-08-24 21:17:05

**Packaged:** 2019-12-12 17:19:02

**Rating:** T

**Chapters:** 8

**Words:** 7,783

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** Post s1, pre s2. Will's back and adjusting to life with his memories from the Upside Down. But he's got a lot more than memories to deal with. And just who was this Eleven? Why does the thought of her feel so familiar? Much angst and possible slash inside. Rated T for swears! Byler/Mileven/even some Wileven? idk we'll see.

# 1. Chapter 1

He hadn't realized how gross he felt until he got home. Home being his own dimension of course. When he was carried through the gate, an oxygen mask still over his face, he felt the warm air of the laboratory. Then he felt the soaked clothing plastering his skin. His socks were torn at the toes from running and every piece of apparel was drenched from the atmosphere and the numerous amount of falls. His hair felt heavy on his scalp. He shivered and groaned.

"You alright, kid?," he heard a low voice rumble from miles away. Will Byers looked at the Hawkins Police Chief through the non-fogged up portion of the mask. The Chief had made his way to the disinfecting chamber with Will in his arms and was working to get to the other side, the Hawkins side.

"Of course he's not alright, Hopper!," the woman next to him nearly shrieked. She was wearing a hazmat suit, much like the yellow material on Hopper, nervously stepping through the once-barrier and throwing the two "helmets" aside.

"You know what I meant, Joyce..." Hopper said softly, coughing over his shoulder as to avoid the twelve-year-old boy. He walked steadily toward the exit, as to not completely leave behind the raven haired woman. Her hip swiftly slammed into a destroyed desk, but she only grunted in acknowledgment and kept walking. Just then, the last of Will's adrenaline worn away while looking at Hopper's mustache, and he past out with a giggle.

When he started to feel the outside world again, he was dry. He felt clean and soft and *dry*. He opened his eyes to a very bright room. His attention was caught by the only two things that weren't blindingly white. And he was greeted with smiles and tears and his whole family, the ones that mattered to him anyway. His friends had came in with an excited aura and he felt it too as they tried to catch him up with what happened. He almost felt a bit overwhelmed with joy, and started choking on his own air. He felt himself hack something cold up into his mouth and swallowed the slimy substance back down, assuming it was mucus... he hoped it was mucus. His friends were silent when he looked back up.

"It got me... the Demagorgon..." *The roar, the tumbling wood, the long, disgusting hand.*

"We know. It's gone now. We made a new friend... she stopped it."

*Eleven*

"Like the number?"

"We call her El for short."

*GONE!*

"She's basically a wizard."

"More like a Yoda."

Will felt lightheaded all of a sudden and groaned, "Mike."

"Yeah, bud?," Mike responded concerned. His friend had sounded so weak that Mike's motherly side threatened to appear.

Will didn't really register that he called out to Mike but caught himself before the silence became too weird. "Hi."

Mike chuckled and shook his head, "Hello, Will."

"Hi," he said again but this time bursted into a fit of giggles. And so did his friends.

His mother returned after a while of story telling, ushering them out, saying "Will needs his rest."

She was right of course... mother's always right...

Will drifted out of consciousness some point after that, not really caring then what happened around him. It didn't matter, he was home.

Somehow, he actually realized his dream world. It was black at first, then he started feeling small things. Specific things. The dream started, but it wasn't a dream.

Definitely not a dream.

He felt his insides grow cold and slick and not being able to do a thing. Not even breathe. He felt the *thing* stomp away and the "wall" around him *breathing*. Then it all faded away, back to darkness. He felt the water between his toes.

"Will?"

He stayed still, hearing his name echo throughout his mind.

"Will."

He knew that voice.

"Will~"

'What?'

"Will," a woman said sternly and with a shake to his shoulder, Will returned to his hospital bed. He woke up alarmed rather than sleepy, seemingly panicked.

"What? What?"

"Honey... you wet yourself," Joyce whispered, rubbing her son's shoulder tentatively.

"What? No I didn't!"

His mother lifted up the thin blankets so Will could see clearly for himself.

"What...," he muttered to himself.

---

AN: Guess who's alive! Yeah, it's me. Been kinda drifting off to everywhere imaginable. I've written multiple chapters for this one already so... hehe. I won't abandon this anytime soon. Goal is to write short chapters and to confuse y'all. ;)

## 2. Chapter 2

A raven haired woman speed-walked into lobby of Hawkins Hospital and straight through to the elevator. She pressed the up button twice for good measure and stood for moment, fidgeting with a convenience store bag before nearly-stomping towards the stairs. She took them two at a time, pushing open the third level door. She eventually remembered that 308 was down the hall and found the room where they had assigned her son the first night.

She straightened herself a bit and put on a smile. "Hey!," she greeted an empty room. Both beds were made and perfectly pristine. She stared blankly, her mind creating an infinite amount of scenarios as to where her son could be now. A nurse managed to spot her.

"Ms. Byers?"

Joyce whipped around to see a stout woman with surgeon-blue scrubs. Her small glasses made her look like a terrified mouse.

"Will."

"Yes... if you'll come with me," she said as she hastily walked across the hall. Joyce all but skipped, holding the bag closely, until the nurse stopped at 315, to which Joyce walked right past her. How did she forget that they moved him? He's been there for two days!

"Hey, Champ!," she chipped at her son.

Will had his Walkman on and his eyes closed. He had the mixtape Jonathan made for him going on repeat the millionth day he'd been stuck there, still somehow enjoying every second of it. He didn't realize that someone entered his room until a plastic bag collided with his chest. His eyes shot open and he sat up, knocking his headphones off in the process.

"Woah, it's just me, honey," Joyce held up her hands in surrender and tried not to smile too big at her son's reaction. "I got you a little something," she said as she pointed at the bag. Will looked down at the object in his lap, trying to see what it was through the white

plastic. He slowly reached his hand into it and felt around.

"Ow!," he felt a harder plastic inside and accidentally rubbed the ball of his palm into the sharp corner of it. He flinched back and stared at the new red scratch on his hand.

"Are you okay?," his mother fussed, drawing her eyebrows together.

Will knowingly ignored her and decided to grab it by the middle to yank it out. He dropped the troubling piece of whatever onto his lap, hoping that the small round things he felt were at least MMs. They weren't.

"Skit-tils?," he read the package confused.

"Uh-huh," Joyce eased herself onto the foot of the bed.

"What is it?"

"Why, its candy of course!" Will's expression didn't change. "Well, I don't know exactly what it is but it does say candy on it. I just thought you'd like to celebrate your last night here, is all," Joyce said offhandedly. His eyes went wide, and then his smile too.

"Seriously?," he asked softly, as to not break the hope welling inside him.

"Seriously. BUT, you'll have to stay until after lunch tomorrow, so-" Will practically leaped at his mother, pulling her down with him in a hug. She laughed at his enthusiasm and steadied him back on his side.

Will scooped up the package and ripped it open. He was so relieved. He never really had an opinion on hospitals, Dustin always got freaked out by hospitals. He said that it's riddled with crazy people, both patients and staff and that when he sprained his ankle the nurses were mean, old hags that pricked him over and over with needles, "for no reason!" Also his roommate had night terrors and would end up screaming in the middle of the night. Admittedly, that'd make anyone hate hospitals. And this visit, being promised night after night of "you'll be home by morning" and being disappointed, officially made Will hate hospitals.

He poured a few into his palm and popped them in his mouth. He chewed for a moment then looked up at his mom.

"Woah."

Joyce smiled, "Yeah?" Will nodded and shook the bag to see if she wanted any. She cupped her hands below the opening and was given several colorful pieces with "s"s on them. She popped them too, although less gracefully than her son, and only held them in her mouth. She carefully bit down and was bombarded with a mix of fruits and sugar. Her teeth stayed glued together until she put enough force in her jaw. "Oh wow," she muttered with her mouth full.

"Right?," Will smiled brightly.

"It's...," Joyce's face scrunched up a bit, "interesting."

"Don't like 'em, Mama?"

"It's... alright but not one of my favorites."

Will shrugged, "More for me then!"

AN: Not gonna lie, I thought this would get no attention at all but, hi!!! I didn't get any emails of any attention to this story, sorry it took me so long! Majority of this story is on Wattpad just cuz it's easier for me. But I will definitely continue on here too! I'll check as often as possible for any questions/concerns/requests. Thanks! 3



### 3. Chapter 3

It was a Saturday when the only Wheeler son realized he was losing it. He had woken up at exactly 3:15 for the third night in a row-or morning or whatever.

"3 1 5."

He stared blankly at the ceiling, the moonlight his only aid.

It wasn't like he passed out as soon as he got home from school. He did his homework, showered, even sat down with the other Wheelers and had dinner. They didn't ask if something was wrong so he must look fine. He didn't feel bad. Or anything for that matter.

He did think though.

He thought about Hawkins, and Will, and Jonathan and Nancy, even Steve, and Lucas and Dustin, and Will's mom and Chief Hopper... and her.

011

"Sorry, I just never saw a kid with a tattoo before."

She had saved him, so many times. He wanted to give her the world in return. Even if she didn't have the powers, they would still be friends. He knew it. He just knew it. It would've had to happen. Right?

His friend group felt so small, so broken, utterly incomplete. But he had Will back. That's what he wanted right? From the start he just wanted Will back home and safe.

Just four.

It was only the four of them. All of them being picked on or winning the science fair or totally blasting through dungeons and dragons. Then it was three but it changed back to four so quickly. They looked for the fourth and they found one. They took her back, took her out of the woods, out of the rain, and into Mike's basement. Built a fort,

gave her clothes, protected her from the bad men.

"And you'll be like my brother?"

"No!"

No... of course not. He couldn't be a brother, he wanted to be more to her. More than an annoyance or competition. Her best friend. Her boyfriend. But he'd be anything for her now. Anything to see her again.

He regretted stealing that kiss.

A bitter-sweet taste rolled on his tongue, and he felt the hot tears down his face. He didn't realize them until one hit his neck.

Knock, knock, knock

He blinked back into real life and tilted his head enough to see the door. "Yeah?," he called. His mother, her hair in soft brown waves around her slightly painted face, poked her head through, a concerned smile gracing her lips.

"Dustin and Lucas are here to wait for Joy-, er, Will's mom."

"Oh... okay. Tell them I'm getting dressed." At least I get to see him today.

Her smile turned genuine as she said okay and closed his bedroom door. Mike sat up and rubbed at his face roughly. He threw his sheets off and rolled out of bed. He didn't bother with his hair but brushed his teeth and left the bathroom. Nancy's door swung open violently as Mike edged the top of the stairs. She looked at him, surprised.

"Hey!"

"...hi?"

"What's up?"

"Um... nothing"

"Oh..."

There were a few seconds of staring at each other, Nancy looking nervous but Mike was too out of it to care. Then the door swung back and forth quickly and Nancy's eyes widened. When Mike's eyebrows drew together, his sister groaned and rolled her eyes, kicking the door behind her. The door moved back to reveal a tall young man with poofy hair extending a few inches upwards.

The young man smiled awkwardly, "Hey, Mike."

"Hello, Steve," Mike sighed and descended down the steps.

"Mike!," Nancy whisper-shouted down the steps. He looked back at his sister's pleading eyes.

He sighed, "whatever, Nance," and went outside to meet his friends.

Lucas and Dustin didn't seem to notice his presence until they had called each other some accusingly, colorful terms and then went dead silent. They smiled awkwardly at Mike while not-so-subtly hitting each other as the disagreement clearly wasn't over with. He decided to ignore them all together and sat down on his front steps.

"You okay, Mike?," Lucas asked softly, suddenly next to Mike on the steps.

"I'll be a lot better when I see Will back home," Mike mumbled.

"You and me both, Pal. I'd've lost my freaking mind if I was stuck there for five days. Poor guy's probably been poked and prodded by every needle possible. I'd piss myself every night, too, if-"

"Dustin!," Lucas scolded loudly.

"What?," Dustin looked over at his friends to see glares staring back at him, "oh..."

"I bet it's just a rumor," Mike nearly seethed, "and Nancy's just being her usual bitch-self." Dustin's eyes noticeably went wide at this comment. He'd been expecting Mike's usual mood-swings, but it always was depression, not anger, and nothing directed at Nancy.

After a few moments of awkward silence, Lucas decided to speak up. "Maybe she was just trying to look out for him. You know, so we don't accidentally say the wrong thing." Mike finally looked up at his friend.

"And what gives her the right, to talk about him like that? To continue a game of telephone to his friends? He doesn't even know we know," he shook his head hopelessly. "Forget her," he muttered.

Just then Joyce Byers pulled into the Wheelers' driveway. She got out swiftly and smiled at "her" boys.

"Shotgun!," Lucas bolted before Dustin could even find his voice.

"Son of a bitch."

~

AN: This was the angst I was talking about. Hurts my heart, too.

P.S. I do like Stancy better but I'm deciding if the relationship will change throughout this story. Either way the other boy will be paired with an OC since they both deserve love3

Thoughts?

## 4. Chapter 4

A young man in the wallpapered room of a teenage girl sat on the queen bed with a sigh, and in return, it gave a protest squeak.

"Is he always that gloomy?," he asked the owner of the bedroom. She sighed too, sorry for her brother more than annoyed at his attitude.

"Recently, yeah," she sat next to him. "Ever since... El...," she wasn't sure if Mike would be okay with her telling Steve. She knew how he and his friends felt about him. Contrary to popular belief, Nancy Wheeler was not completely oblivious to the world.

"El?," Steve asked confused.

"Yeah," she said finally. "I guess you weren't there for that bit."

He stared at her attentively, trying not to let his mind wander about her beautiful face. It was hard not to fall into those tempting icy blues.

"Well, I didn't get the whole story but...," she looked up at him. "Do you remember when there were cop cars all down my street that night?" Steve nodded hesitantly. "Well, they weren't there to help us," she whispered. She scooted closer to her boyfriend. "They were asking about a Russian girl that had telekinesis."

"What's that?," he asked.

"Mind powers. Like moving things without touching them."

"Oh, great," the young man mumbled.

"She was nice. Mike's friend. She helped find Will... and Barb," Nancy added quietly.

"Okay...," Steve said, still confused. "Where is she now?" Nancy looked down at her hands, wondering that same thing for what felt like months.

"Gone," she said, barely audible.

"Was she more than a friend to him?," he prodded gently.

"What?"

"I mean," he tried to fix it quickly, "was Mike this bad when Will disappeared?"

"...I don't know... I hadn't really talked to him... not really." She sounded sad. Steve knew it when she trailed off like that. He wrapped her up in the softest hug he could manage without touching any areas he would get reprimanded for. She was so perfect and soft and pretty and good. She was empathetic and responsible and mindful of her actions. She was pure and badass at the same time. And he knew how lucky he was.

She looked up at him finally, and her small frown melted into a bashful smile. "What?," she giggled.

"What what?," he hushed, still entranced.

"You've got that dopey look on your face again." His eyebrows drew together.

"What d'ya mean 'dopey'?"

"Oh, nothing, Harrington," she sighed dramatically.

They fell back into their usual playful banter, putting away the sad things and focusing on the now. Steve liked the now. He tried to only think about the things that were current and not dwell on things. Although he did occasionally get stressed about his future, but he knew that with Nance, everything was peachy.

He couldn't imagine going back to how it was. Without her, he knew he'd be miserable, just like his old "friends." They were miserable and mean and stupid and ignorant. Deep down, Steve had known what he'd done with them was awful, but he was the King then. It was good to be the King... a malevolent king.

Nancy saved him. Pulled him out of that sinkhole of a friendship. He felt genuinely good after the Douche stopped liking him. His entire being was lighter, all because of her. She was like magic. Pure magic.

"Ste-ve," she cooed. He hummed a reply, still submerged into those blue eyes. She gave him a warm but goofy smile. He knew he was doing it that time, but didn't really care. He purred low and moved to Nancy's lips. He was soft but took control of her cute little mouth. She allowed it for a while but pushed him rather abruptly when she heard her mother calling. "What?," she yelled, shocking Steve in the process.

"Good morning, baby!," her mother shouted up the steps. Nancy didn't bother responding. But she did straddle Steve Harrington's lap and take control of him herself. After she felt as though she gave the proper amount of smooches, she pulled back and looked at her boyfriend.

"What am I going to do with you?," she asked sweetly. She was a perfect dream, and she was on his lap. He sighed, content. "No, seriously," she continued with a straighter face, "How am I gonna get you out of here?"

---

AN:

Quick and short chapter for y'all. Was not prepared. I'll try better next time lmao. I do have a very general idea of where this one is going. Any questions just hmu.

## 5. Chapter 5

### Feeling Things

---

The aroma was unmistakable. The plastic gloves could be practically felt as they snapped onto skilled hands. Very quiet and consistent beeps sounded throughout the hallway from neighboring, white rooms.

On a lonely chair outside room 315, there sat a young man. He was hunched over, his one-size-too-small jacket riding up his back, and was shaking his leg anxiously. A smaller version of himself timidly stepped outside of the room. He had a red flannel, instead of the other's green, and jeans that were too long. His hair cut resembled a perfect bowl in contrast to his counterpart's flat bangs.

"You can come in if you want," the smaller said softly. The elder continued shaking his leg, completely lost in his thoughts. "Jonathan?"

"Huh?," he finally looked up.

"You can come back in, if you want."

"R-right." Jonathan stood up, a little too quickly, and followed his brother inside the hospital room. He sat down in a worn chair in the corner while Will sat on the bed, staring out the large window. The sun was still providing enough light for normal, daily activities but had sunk down to the point of where the sky changed. It went from bright red at the horizon, and up and up were pinks and purples, and finally the perfect sky blue.

Will had missed colors. The only other color than gray or just plain darkness he had seen for days was red. His obnoxious red and yellow vest...

He hated that vest.

"Will~" His eyes fluttered open to his mother, a gentle smile creasing



her face. "What do you want for breakfast, honey?" Will groaned, not wanting to think at all, just wanting his well-deserved sleep.

"Pancakes...," he muttered after a moment. His mother turned behind her, but Will didn't see at what.

"We can do pancakes, dear," a young, yet motherly voice rang through the room with a soft accent. He couldn't place where from though. His mother turned back to him, smile still intact, but slowly, it faded.

"We're not sure how long they'll keep you, Will. Maybe if you feel well this morning we can take you home by this afternoon. Although it could be a couple more days... But-" she turned to the corner of the room where all her bags were, "I did wash these so you have something clean to go home in." She sorted through a few bags and grabbed worn jeans, a blue flannel, and a red vest.

Will blinked at the clothes in his mother's hands. He was instantly reminded of black slime and living particles in the air. He remembered the cold, and how that vest only made it worse somehow. He remembered how he nearly soiled those pants countless times, and he remembered that he was so thirsty that he almost-

"No," he said sternly. His mother was visibly taken aback.

"N... no?," she asked, her eyebrows drawing together like they always seem to do nowadays.

"Just... no," and with that Will buried himself in his covers again.

She seemingly went to work after Will had received his pancakes, but returned after only a few hours. She had new, plastic bags in her hand, and a certain glow of joy around her.

"I thought I'd get you something new, so you could feel fresh." She practically bought the same outfit but different colors and the jeans were a bigger size. "You'll grow into them!," she had said when Will had brought them to his waist and the ankles laid on the floor. There was a brand new red flannel for once, and a blue, felt vest that was a big long, too. Will smiled and thanked his mom, and she hugged him

in return.

The sky was turning dark now, just a sea of blues and blacks, with very faint white specks if one were to look high enough. Even though the pinks and purples had faded, he still felt as though there was red in sky. Like it was in his peripheral vision, but couldn't see it straight on. It made him anxious for some reason.

His right palm started tingling. Like someone was holding it softly. He looked down but found nothing. The tingling faded away but before it was completely gone, there was a murmur.

"Your mom is coming," it echoed reassuringly.

"Hurry," Will whispered aloud in the quiet room.

"What?"

"What?," he forgot that Jonathan was there, and nearly jumped out of his skin at the soft question. Jonathan looked to be examining Will, not as a phenomenon like others had already, but as the worried parental figure he'd become to Will. "I just...," he started, and looked at his palm again, then at his creepily familiar hospital gown that was strewn across the bed, "want to get out of here..."

---

AN: Is it her? Or just an echo of a memory? Or is Will's conscience just trying to console him? Find out next episode on Dragon Ball Z!

P.S. Totally wrote this whole thing today for Finn's birthday but I kinda still like it so \\_(ツ)/ Happy 15!

## 6. Chapter 6

There was light conversation throughout the car but Mike didn't bother listening. Joyce had asked the boys how school was going and if they were getting any trouble at school about everything that happened, which surprisingly they weren't. No one bothered them at all. Because of her.

He couldn't help but feel miserable. He lost her but not the memory of her. Everything made him think of her. It was pathetic really. He stared out of the window, watching the never-ending trees pass by. A yellow flash caught his eye in the foliage, but it disappeared in an instant.

It was soon only grass surrounding a large parking lot, the trees looming eerily on the horizon. Joyce parked in one of the spots with the sign "VISITOR/PATIENT PARKING." Mike hated the thought of Will being a patient. He also hated just how long he had to stay in the hospital for this.

Five whole days. He'd been back for five whole days and Mike barely saw him all that time. He wasn't even angry anymore. He just wanted his best friend back. The thought nearly brought him to tears.

The harsh November air actually managed to steal a few tears from Mike's eyes. The four of them walked briskly towards the hospital's entrance, shivering at the rush of warm air beyond the glass doors.

But the lobby disappeared. Mike couldn't see the cushy chairs or the front desk or the weird pattern on the carpet. It was the forest. The same clearing he first saw her. The flash of yellow came directly in front of him this time, but changed so quickly.

It was the dress. And the blue flannel he'd given her. It was her, looking as lovely as she did in the cafeteria when he kissed her. Her eyes were curious, as if not really believing he was there. Then she smiled.

"Mike."

All the air in his lungs was knocked out of him.

A slightly pudgy hand waved an inch in front of his face suddenly. He was in the hospital lobby, Mrs. Byers, Lucas, and Dustin examining him closely.

"You good, man?" Lucas asked softly.

"Yeah... yeah, I'm good. Can we get Will now?" Mike walked around them to the elevators.

---

Will felt a sudden rush of blood come to his cheeks. His *friends* were the surprise. He knew it with a very strange certainty. Like he could feel them coming across the hall to his room.

A nervous excitement flooded him and he stood up suddenly, startling his brother.

"Will?," Jonathan croaked, then cleared his throat. "Are you...?" His voice trailed off when he realized Will was now checking his reflection in the window, smoothing out his clothes and hair. "What are you doing?"

"Huh?," he finally looked at his brother, his face becoming a darker shade of crimson. "I-is it such a crime to not wanna look disheveled?"

"It's just... never mind."

"What?," Will sounded almost vulnerable.

"Well... you wouldn't be seeing anyone besides me and Mom... unless you think she's bringing someone with to pick you up... then who do you not 'wanna look disheveled' in front of?"

"Mike." It popped out before he had a moment to think. "A-and Lucas, and Dustin. I just... want everything to be back to normal. I don't want them to think I'm messed up or whatever."

Jonathan pondered this quietly, then said gently, "If they're your friends, you don't need to care what you look like. They'll know if you're okay."

Will sat back down on his bed again at that, only to snap his head at the door. Before his mother even knocked, his eyes locked onto Mike. Butterflies fluttered through his entire body, making his toes curl. He hopped off the bed and nearly tackled his best friend. They held each other like that for a moment. Will felt like flying, but then he remembered about his other two besties. He forced himself to let go of Mike and hugged Lucas and Dustin. It only lasted a second, but the relief was just as equal.

"I'm so glad to see you guys," he beamed.

"Why do you look tho fancy?" Dustin smiled and looked his friend up and down.

"Yeah, got a date tonight?," Lucas winked dramatically.

"Yeah, with your mom," Will had been waiting to use that for about two months now. Lucas's expression was priceless and Dustin's laughter echoed out into the hallway. Mike was stunned.

"Oh my God, Will. Where'd you learn that?" Mike asked him quietly.

"I heard an eighth grader say it at the beginning of school. I had to wait until the perfect moment."

He felt a large hand clap him on the shoulder, "I'm very proud of you, Will." Jonathan had a genuine smile.

"Well, I still consider that rude, and you should apologize, Mister," his mom said with a stern expression.

"It's okay. I'm more impressed than anything," Lucas said, mirth making a twinkle in his eyes.

"Glad to have ya back, *William*."

"Thanks," he replied genuinely, ignoring Dustin's poke at his name.

---

AN: I don't know when I'll see any of you again, so just in case, happy holidays! And each one of you is appreciated and loved. Hmu whenever ya feel.

## 7. Chapter 7

When Will finally came back to school, and finished his missed work, there was just a week until Christmas break. Most kids would feel excited by that thought, but Will, being the nerd he was, was kind of bummed out about it.

At least he *was* bummed out, until a certain Wheeler caught his attention on one of the last school days of 1983.

"Hey, Will," Mike called as the mentioned was about to leave the room. Will stopped and turned around. In doing so, one of the bigger kids rammed into his backpack, making him stumble and collide with the adjacent wall. "Will!," Mike rushed over to his dazed friend.

Will didn't fall down but hit the wall hard enough to echo throughout the now empty room. He steadied himself and blushed furiously.

"You okay, man?," Mike asked, grabbing Will's shoulder. The shorter looked away.

"Yeah, I'm okay. I'm glad no one was in here at least," he played with the freshly cut hair at the back of his neck. His hair was now dubbed "shaggy" instead of a bowl cut. He preferred to be called a Beatle instead of a stoner, but it was easy to wash, so that was a plus.

"Will," Mike said softly, almost absentmindedly. Will finally forced himself to look at his freckled friend.

"Yeah?," he said meekly. Mike lifted his hand cautiously, and caressed Will's cheek.

"You never blush," he mumbled, moving closer to Will. Will suddenly realized he was trapped between his friend and the wall.

"Mike," he sighed. Wait, that wasn't even his voice, right? No way he would *sigh* Mike's name like that! An animalistic glint shined in Mike's eyes suddenly, and he moved impossibly closer. The door swung open.

Mike sprung backwards like he'd just been burned. Dustin poked his

head through the doorway.

"What the hell are you two still doing in here? Mrs. Peterson will kick both your asses if she finds you in here," Dustin warned.

"Noted," Mike said gruffly, and pushed past Dustin out of the door. Will was left against the wall, stunned by the exchange.

"Man," Dustin shook his head at his retreating friend's form, then turned to Will. "Weird."

"Yeah," Will nodded, leaning on the wall for support. "Really weird." Dustin stepped into the room while keeping the door open with one hand and gestured to the world dramatically.

"I thought I was the only one who noticed! Mike's been really funky without his lady friend around." The door opened completely with enough force to bang on the adjacent wall. Lucas stood there with a slight scowl.

"Dude, don't say it like that," Lucas scolded Dustin.

"What d'ya mean?"

"I mean, one," he indicated with an index finger. "Don't talk about Mike behind his back, and definitely don't use 'funky' to describe him. And two," he threw up a peace sign. "Her name is El. Don't be a dick."

"Oh, pu-lease, like you care."

"What's that supposed to mean?," Lucas asked, throwing his hand up then letting it slap his thigh indignantly.

"You freakin' hated El. You were always like 'she's not part of the party, nyeh'," Dustin made his voice nasally as he did the impression of Lucas.

"Because I didn't know her! She was some random girl we found in the woods, Dustin. And I did not hate her, more like strongly disapproved of her methods."

"'Cause that makes it better."

"Yeah, well, maybe I would've liked her from the beginning if she freaking told us where Will was!"

"She knew?," Will finally found his voice, taking a step towards the door. Lucas turned to Will.

"Of course she did. She's the one that opened the Upside Down." Will's eyebrows furrowed.

"Upside Down?," he asked softly.

"Yeah, that's where you were, Will. That's what we call it. Didn't we tell you that?"

"I...," Will averted his gaze. "I guess not. Maybe I don't remember." Lucas just hummed at that. Dustin furrowed his own eyebrows and turned to Lucas.

"Wait, El opened it?," Dustin asked.

"Well, who else could've done it?," Lucas snapped.

"The Demogorgon? Duh."

"Then why the hell didn't it open the gate earlier? It could've eaten a lot more people."

Will, understandably, did not like that comment at all, considering he definitely would've been one of those people. And now, he had a name for that horrible place.

The Upside Down. Will shivered.

His vision went black. It was cold and his feet were wet. He looked down to see himself in a strange leotard with padding and nothing else. Even his head felt cold. He saw the ripples his feet made as he walked forward.

There it was. Just a few yards ahead of him was the monster, kneeling down and loudly eating something. It was a gray blob facing the opposite direction. Will saw his hand raise, putting two fingers forward and touching the slimy flesh before him. The monster turned



around and *roared*, the mush in its mouth flaps flying everywhere as it did.

Will woke up screaming again, except he wasn't in his bed this time. It was a blue bed inside the nurses office. The door opened quickly.

"Will! Are you okay?," Mike asked, rushing over to his friend.

"Mike? What are you doing here?" It was the end of the day; Mike should've been home by now.

"Dustin and Lucas said you passed out and needed me to carry you to the nurse." *'Oh God, carry me?'*

"Oh," Will said smartly. "I'm sorry."

"Dude, don't be sorry," Mike assured as he sat on the bed next to Will's legs. "We're just worried is all. I'm worried. Maybe you should get checked out."

*'Well, that's not very comforting,'* Will thought.

"Yeah," Will agreed softly. "Is... is my mom-" Will was interrupted by the door, yet again, opening dramatically.

"Will," Jonathan rushed over to his baby brother, checking his forehead with the back of his hand. "You are warm," he commented worriedly. He stood back up. "C'mon. Let's go home."

Without another word, Will followed his brother out of the door, waving goodbye to his friends.

Before the Byers Brothers made it to the car however, a certain Wheeler came barreling out of Hawkins Middle's front entrance.

"Will!," Mike yelled across the quiet lawn of the school. He jogged to his now stopped friend and his brother, who stood a few feet away.

"Mike? What's wrong?," Will asked, his eyes wide with curiosity.

"Come over. This weekend, please. I just... I need to see you." Mike blushed at his own odd wording. Jonathan's eyebrows raised at the

plea in the young Wheeler's voice.

"I...," Will turned to Jonathan, those big hazel eyes pleading for a favor. "M-mom's at work, right?"

Jonathan furrowed his eyebrows. "Yeah, why?," he asked suspiciously.

"So she doesn't know what happened?"

"Well, I answered the call so..." It clicked in Jonathan's head. "Nuh uh."

"But Jona-"

"NO. I'm not keeping anything from mom, okay? If I don't tell her and something happens to you, it'll be on my head."

"But she'll never let me leave the house if she knows it happened during school!," he whined. Jonathan stepped closer to Will.

"Maybe that's safer," he whispered. Will had to stop himself from gasping at his brother's words, his mouth hanging open. How could he think that? Will was not some porcelain doll to be kept at home forever. He survived the freaking Upside Down for Pete's sake!

Will felt it run through his veins... the electricity, anger, pure red. Then the crash. The three of them turned around to see the large windows of the school's front was smashed. Large shards were reflecting in the grass, sparkling like diamonds. Will shivered violently.

"Fine...," Will whispered, staring at the broken window with terrified eyes. "Let's go home." With that, Will got in the car.

He wiped his nose. His nose usually ran when it was chilly outside.

He looked at his hand and saw...

Red.

---

AN: extra long chapter cuz I almost abandoned you all. I SAID ALMOST. but anyway hope you're enjoying it so far. I accidentally wrote a chapter for season two and I was like "This is right after season one DAMNIT." Sooo, bonus chapter? Or later actual chapter idk.

But ya see, I got a review and I actually kicked myself to get movin. See how that works? I wish I could've given some of my favorite authors motivation to finish their excellent stories.

And in case I don't see you:  
Happy Martin Luther King Jr. Day  
Happy Valentines Day  
And a happy st Patrick's day  
Also a happy birthday to whoever you are

## 8. Chapter 8

AN: wow has it been a hot minute. But hey I'm tryin here. And yes I know I missed Christmas in July but I've been busy k? Merry Late Christmas. Anywho... let's hope we can finally go to season 2!

---

Will wouldn't say he was panicking. Panicking is running around like a maniac and screaming "we're doomed!" over and over again. No, Will was curled up in bed, tears silently racing down his face, and his breathing was a bit too quick.

He broke those windows. He knew it somehow. He couldn't look at Jonathan let alone talk to him on the way home. He thanked the stars that his mom was still at work and Jonathan gave up asking what was wrong after ten minutes.

He wondered about his first inevitable therapy session. Could they help with telekinesis?

Will sighed and shivered violently. They'd lock him away to be tested and prodded at forever.

To ignore the world and the problems in life, as most people do, Will decided a nap would be the best course in action at that moment.

It was dark and comfortable at first, like every beginning of sleep. Then Will felt it. The water supporting the soles of his feet. The consuming quiet.

Will opened his eyes but continued to see darkness. He should have been freaking out, but he wasn't. He was calm, content even. What a strange feeling to get used to.

A blob of colors caught his eye and he turned slightly to see blankets and pillows all pulled together to make a small fort. It wasn't Fort Byers. It wasn't made with sticks in the middle of the forest, but with a table and in a comfy, familiar basement.

Mike's basement.

Will hadn't been in that basement since...

He turned away from the fort and came nearly nose to nose with a girl with a shaved head.

"Will."

Will gasped and startled himself awake, a different face looming over him. The face was smiling, soft raven hair framing it perfectly.

"Good morning, Star Shine. The Earth says hello-o!," she held her wide smile for a moment then dropped it. "Did you do your homework, young man?"

Will sighed and dropped his head back into his pillow. "I don't have any, tomorrow's the last day," he mumbled into his pillow.

Will's mom hummed for a moment, "I don't know, that doesn't seem very 'wise' of you." Will ignored the pun and sank deeper into his comforter. "Oh, my. Well, I didn't wanna do this but," a new, devious smile spread across her lips, "ya twisted my arm."

And with that, Will's mom promptly flopped onto her son. Will *oofed* but didn't fight his mother's weight.

"C'mon, Will, what's the matter?" She cooed to the bedspread.

"Nothing," he said into his pillow again. "Just tired..." He wanted to say something more but couldn't muster the words. A sudden hazy feeling invaded Will's senses.

"Hello? El?" Static flooded Will's ears. "*It's me. It's—*"

Mike.

"Mike?" The static stopped and the only voice was his mother's. "You miss him, huh?"

"What?" Will murmured, forgetting when exactly he fully sat up.

"You just said his name, silly. I know that you miss your best friend, but I want you to be safe, okay?"

Will stared at his mother, wondering whether it's the strange sleep patterns or the voices that's been taking everything out of him.

"I know, Mama," he said softly. He felt her eyes on him as he drew patterns on the bedspread. She sighed.

"Alright, how bout this? You can go hang out with Mike this weekend, but you have to stay at his house and you don't leave without a ride. Okay?"

Will looked up, his heart fluttering with hope for what seemed like the first time in a long while. He nodded shakily.

"Okay."

The last day of school was a breeze since every other class was a party of snacks and a movie. A couple classes still took notes up to the bell. Everyone was giddy and saying "see you next year!" All the girls were bragging about their Snowball preparations and the guys were planning an actual snowball fight after school.

Will felt like he was floating on air. Christmas was always his favorite time of year.

Before he knew it, it was last period. Mrs. Smith's English class. She was a very fun teacher and loved arts and crafts, so she gave out a coloring page to each student and left a huge box of colored pencils in the front of the room.

Will took a pencil of every color and smiled softly as he colored his page. A person plopped down at the desk next to his. He was too focused to remember whose seat that was.

"Is it sooo wrong for a guy to want to be asked to the Snowball?" An animated voice with a slight lisp whined.

"Tickets were sold last week, Dustin. I think then was the point in time for sulking about not having a date," Will switched pencils but didn't look up.

"Yeah, well, I bought a ticket so I'd have more time..." Dustin trailed off.

Will snorted. "You actually bought a ticket, dude?"

"Yes, Will. I bought one. My mom said that I'd regret not taking opportunities to make memories in school."

"Why don't you just take your mom then?" It was difficult to hold back the bubbling laughter.

"Wow, why didn't I think of that!" Dustin nearly-shouted sarcastically.

"Dustin," Mrs. Smith called from across the room. "I didn't know you could think. You should try it in class sometime."

The dam broke and Will bursted into a fit of laughter, nearly spilling his colored pencils. Dustin's jaw was on the floor in shock, then a smile took over his face.

"Maybe next year, Mrs. Smith," he shot finger guns across the room and Mrs. Smith reciprocated them, both making the "aaaahhhh" noise.

This day just couldn't be better.

Except maybe Mike singing All I Want For Christmas by Mariah Carrey to Will. Wouldn't that be a sight to see.

---

P.S. - thanks for all the love guys!